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Title: a faded leather journal

Author: Ninveah Saum  
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A journal handwritten  
in an elegant but faded  
script. It appears to be  
very old and only the  
pages towards the end  
can be read clearly.

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Though necromancy has  
prolonged my elven life  
far beyond the natural  
span.

I have witness the rise  
and fall of great  
kingdoms. I watched as  
the Order moved from  
Caina to the dark  
continent, abandoning the  
ancient home. The  
dissolution and scattering  
of the damned.

For a time, there was  
less balance in the world.  
The power of Oblivion  
grew weak, ebbing.

But I have noticed of  
late that Dark things  
begin to stir. Rumors  
circulate about  
necromancers  
long-vanished. Words are  
whispered by the winds in  
the darkness. Etheng...  
Dhaemhazraas walks the  
lands again.

The daemon, known in  
these lands as Dhae  
Massirith, formerly of  
the Order of the Ebon  
Skull. I have seen the  
Baazrati myself, her  
red-tattooed face  
unmistakable.

I know not if this is a  
harbinger of things to  
come or a sign of the  
end times.

The days grow shorter.  
Winter is upon us.  
I am so cold, so deeply  
cold. Not even the  
warmth of the fire can  
chase away the chill that  
has sunk in around my  
bones.

You cannot fix everything.  
Some choices you have to  
accept. And try to  
rebuild from there.  
I accept what I am. I  
embrace my fate.

There is not much time  
left.

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This is the last entry.  
The remaining pages of  
the journal are empty.

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